On Authenticity

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Most of us ask about authenticity because we feel a gap. Not the gap between who we are and who we want to be—but something stranger. We sense that the life we're living sits on top of another life, a more real one, that keeps slipping away.

If only things were different. If circumstances changed. If I became someone else.

We imagine a version of existence where the world says yes to us instead of no.

That's the dream of authenticity: to be affirmed by your environment rather than constantly fighting it.

But here's the problem. Complete affirmation is impossible. Every way of living leaves something out. Every identity has a shadow. Every society fails its own ideals. You cannot fully coincide with yourself—there's always leftover noise, leftover contradiction.

So authenticity can never be absolute. At best, it's near-authenticity. A direction, not a destination. An approach that never quite arrives.

Does that mean all ways of living are equal?

I don’t think so.

Some forms of life say yes to more of what you are. Some say no to less. The difference matters.

Think of yourself not as a thing but as a system. A system grows when it encounters difficulty that doesn't destroy it—when noise becomes material for learning. You grow when the world bothers you just enough to reorganize yourself, but not so much that you shatter.

Here's the paradox, though.

The more complex you become, the more complexity you face. Greater capability exposes you to greater trouble. At some point, you have a choice: keep reorganizing, or close yourself off.

Closing off feels safer. You filter out disturbances. You simplify reality so you can survive. But survival isn't living. You stop learning. You stagnate.

In a changing world, stagnation is rarely a winning strategy. Others keep evolving. What you push away doesn't disappear—it waits. And what you once repressed may return, stronger than before.

So shouldn't we just dissolve everything?

Some people think the answer is total openness. Abolish all structures. Dissolve the self. Experience raw reality directly.

But here's the catch: you are already a structure. Your subjectivity is itself a system, carrying its own noise, its own exclusions. Even if you try to dissolve everything, you end up with many competing selves, each alienated from the others. Instead of one big oppression, you get a thousand tiny fragmentations.

The purpose of self-affirmation then backfires. You wanted freedom, but you end up more alone, more cut off from the possibility of real connection.

So the answer isn't total openness. And it isn't total closure.

The real answer for me is learning.

A living system must remain faithful to its own evolution. It must keep the capacity to respond to ever-increasing complexity.

Authenticity, then, is not a place you arrive. It's a commitment you renew. It's learning without hardening on one side or dissolving on the other. Not stagnation. Not fragmentation. Something in between.

But toward what end?

Even here, be careful. The systems we build—including our own identities—often produce outcomes we never intended. The self is not a fixed thing. It exceeds itself. It transforms. It contradicts itself.

If every version of you is incomplete, then authenticity cannot be a fixed state. It's a movement toward a synthesis that never fully arrives. An asymptotic dialectic: approaching an ideal that forever stays beyond reach.

Perfection is impossible. But improvement remains meaningful. The value is not in arrival. It's in orientation.

You know a person has stopped evolving when they become irrelevant—when their forms no longer generate meaningful responses to the complexity around them. Until that point, the work remains unfinished. Falsification, revision, adaptation—these are not failures. They are the shape of a life still growing.

Why should indefinite learning be the norm?

Because authenticity is the affirmation of the self by its environment, not endless war with it. And learning—real learning, the kind that changes you—produces a self that contradicts its past less and less. It designs itself to leave room for evolution. Not to crush the environment. Not to fragment into irrelevance. But to move toward a future where the self and the world are less at odds.

So what is authenticity, finally?

Maybe I'll laugh at the word at this point. When authenticity is decided, it is when it forecloses through mediation that is imperfectly accounts for the self itself. Some then might say "oh, this mode of living really is affirming myself", but they would repress the idea that their understanding of it might repress other possibilities; and its not even their fault. Mediation are inevitable when something is being communicated. Even I don't transfer a literal Chair when I communicate about them; my communication is simply a repression of higher reality into condessed reality that can be processed and transferred without giving a cognitive overload to a someone. With this insight, the race towards authenticity itself is ridiculous, as it is mediated by the very structure of language, and are more probably than not, an emergent properties of

the subject rather than reality itself, and that we might be dissilusioned to think that a mode of surviving is comfortable, thus it is authentic. One then must face that it might be another illusion.

But is an illusion themselves inherently evil? Or that some mode of illusion can infer the subject into destructive path of repression of self and others, while the other is not? Maybe then, emancipation aren't found in the race of authenticity in itself, but inside the capability of act freely on choosing an illusion that one think It is better for whatever reason, that it affirm one's criterion of a good life; or maybe even another reconstruction of the whole criterion itself for the subject. Emancipation then for me, should left the subject with its own capability of affirmation and negation of self itself to be, perhaps, a better self.

Maybe authenticity is not self-discovery. Not self-expression. Not in any final sense.

Authenticity is the sustained capacity to evolve without abandoning yourself. To remain open without dissolving. To pursue coherence while accepting that completeness will never be attained.

It is not a return to a lost origin. It is not the production of a perfect system.

Maybe It is the movement itself—the recursive, unfinished, asymptotic work of becoming less foreign to yourself, less at war with your world, without ever fully arriving. authenticity is no longer what you uncover, but what survives repeated falsification without collapsing.